

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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JUDGE TEMPLE AND YOUNG EDWARDS.

The Pioneers, vol. i. p. 4.

This picture represents the scene in the Pioneers, in which Judge Temple and Young Edwards are contending for a deer at which both of them had just fired. The former is willing to pay for the animal, but he is ambitious of being considered a good marksman.

"With how many shot did you load your gun?" demanded Edwards.

"With five, Sir," said the judge gravely, a little struck with the other's manner—"are they not enough to slay a buck like this?"

"One would do it, but," moving to the tree behind which he had appeared, "you know, sir, you fired in this direction, here are four of the bullets in the tree."

The judge examined the fresh marks in the rough bark of the Pine, and shaking his head, said with a laugh, "you are making out the case against yourself, my young advocate, where is the fifth?"

"Here," said the youth, throwing aside the rough over-coat which he wore, and exhibiting a hole in his under garment, through which large drops of blood were oozing.

"Good God," exclaimed the judge with horror, have I been trifling here about an empty distinction, and a fellow creature suffering under my hands without a murmur?"

The other persons introduced in this illustration, are Natty Bumpo, and Elizabeth, the daughter of the judge.

SELECT TALES.

From Sharp's London Magazine.

SIGHMON DUMPS.

Anthony Dumps, the father of my hero (the subject matter of a story being always called the hero, however little heroic he may have personally been) married Dora Coffin on St. Swithin's-day, in the first year of the last reign.

Their babe Simon was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt 'S-I-G-H;' the infant Dumps were registered SIGHMON.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy like other babes and sucklings, and when he grew to be a hobby-boy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much-about-nothing-ness in his eye, which were proclaimed by good-natured people to be indications of deep thought and profundity; while others, less 'flattering sweet,' declared they indicated naught but want of comprehension, and the dullness of stupidity.

As he grew older, he grew graver; sad was his look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

Burying Ground-buildings, Padington-road, was the scene of his infant sport. His father earned his livelihood by letting himself out as a mute, or mourner, to a furnisher of funerals.

"Mute" and "voluntary woe" were his stock in trade.

Often did Mrs. Dumps ink the seams of his small clothes, and darken his elbows with a blacking brush, ere he sallied forth to follow borrowed plumes; and when he returned from his public performance (oft rehearsed,) Master Sighmon

did innocently crumple his crapes, and sport with his weepers.

His melancholy outgoings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary incomings. The demise of others secured a living for him, and after a few unusually propitious sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains; the more he exulted, and, in praise of his profession the mute became eloquent.

Another event occurred; after burying so many people professionally, he at length buried Mrs. Dumps; that, of course, was by no means a matter of business; I have before remarked she was descended from the Coffins; she was now gathered to her ancestors.

Dumps had long been proud of gentility of appearance, a suit of black had been his working day costume, nothing, therefore, could be more easy than for Dumps to turn gentleman. He did so; took a villa at Gravesend, chose for his own sitting room a chamber that looked against a dead wall, and whilst he was lying in state upon the squabs of his sofa, he thought seriously upon the education of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the dead languages.

Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him; he loved to linger near the monument; and if he ever thought of a continental excursion, the Catacombs and Pere la Chaise were his seducers.

His father died—his old employer furnished him with a funeral: the mute was silenced, and the mourner mourned.

Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever; he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and a sensitive shrinking when he felt that anybody was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl, and he would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms unheeded and unseen, like a draft through a key-hole. This, however, was not to be his lot: like a man cursed with creaking shoes, stepping lightly and tiptoeing availed not—a creak always betrayed him when he was most anxious to creep into a corner.

At his father's death he found himself possessed of a competency and a villa; but he was unhappy—he was known in the neighborhood—people called on him, and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and re-calls bored him. He never, in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face; a pair of human eyes meeting his own was actually pain to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa, and determined to go to some place where, being a total stranger, he might pass unknowing and unknown, attracting no attention, no remarks.

He went to Cheltenham, and consulted Bolsragon about his nerves, was recommended a course of waters and horse exercise.

The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already "too much of the water;" he, however, hired a nag, took a small suburban lodging, and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better, and felt sedate-

ly happy. The blest seclusion, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was not the predestined fate of Sighmon; odd circumstances always brought him into notice. The horse he had hired was a piebald, a sweet, quiet animal, warrented a safe support for a timid invalid. On this piebald did Dumps jog through the green lanes in brown studies.

One day as he passed a cottage, a face peered at him through an open window; he heard an exclamation of delight, the door opened, and an elderly female ran after him, entreating him to stop; much against the grain he stopped.

"'Twas heaven sent you, sir," said his pursuer, out of breath, "give me, for the love of mercy, a cure for the rheumatiz." "The what?" said Dumps.

"The rheumatiz, sir; I've the pains and the aches in my back and my bones—give me the dose that will cure me."

In vain Dumps declared his ignorance of the virtues of "medical gums." The more he protested, the more the woman sued; when, to his horror, a reinforcement joined her from the cottage, and men, and women, and children implored him to cure the good dame's malady. At length, watching a favorable opportunity, he insinuated his heel into the side of the piebald, and trotted off, while entreaties, mingled with words of anger, were borne to him on the wind.

He determined to avoid that green lane in future, and rode out the next day in an opposite direction. As he trotted through a village a girl ran after him, shouting for a cure for the whooping cough; a dame, with a low courtesy, asked him for a remedy for the cholice; and an old man asked him what was good for the palsy. These unforeseen, these unaccountable attacks, were fearful annoyances to so retiring a personage as Dumps. Day after day, go where he would, the same things happened. He was solicited to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." He was not aware (any more than the reader very possibly may be) that in some parts of England the country people have an idea that a quack doctor rides a piebald horse; why, I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost—life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man; he, whose only wish it was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; he, who, of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glow-worm most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his piebald, and went "in his angry mood to Tewksbury."

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather *embonpoint*, but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; his fat was weighty, he was inclined to *blubber*. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewksbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you, sir," replied the landlady, with a knowing wink, "a little quiet will be agreeable by way of a change; I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking." She then curtsied and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who do you think we've here in the blue parlor! you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him, dressed just as I saw him at the Hay market Theatre, the only night I ever was at a London stage play. The gray coat, and the striped trowsers, and the Hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella."

"Who is he, ma'am," said Frank.

"Why, the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday, he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befel our ill-fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed, they whispered to each other, and the words—inimitable—clever creature—irresistibly comic—evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, "Oh! that mock heroic tragedy-look is so like him."

Sighmon sighed for the seclusion of number three, Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington road.

One morning his landlady announced, with broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

"My name, Sir, is Opie;" said the stranger, "I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewksbury, of course!"

"Gratifying? what can you mean?"

"If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

"I always look out for my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

"By all means, you will come out here of course!"

"Come out? to be sure, I shan't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why, what I've got on, will do very well."

"Oh! that is so like you," said Opie shaking his sides with laughter, "you really are inimitable! what character do you select here?"

"Character?" said Dumps, "the stranger."

"The Stranger! You!" "Yes, I."

"And you really mean to come out as the Stranger?" said Opie. "Why, yes to be sure—I'm but just comē."

"Then I shall put your name in large letters immediately; we will open this evening, and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

Off ran Mr. Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a lunatic.

Shortly after he saw a man very busy pasting bills against a wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters, that he easily deciphered "the celebrated Mr. Liston in tragedy." This evening the Stranger; the part of the Stranger by Mr. Liston."

Dumps had never seen the inimitable Liston; indeed comedy was quite out of his way. But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he resolved to go.

He ate an early dinner, went by times to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fiddlers paused and looked at the curtain, but hearing no signal, they fiddled another strain. The audience became impatient, they hissed, they hooted and they called for the manager; another pause, another yell of disapprobation, and the manager appeared, and walked, hat in hand, to the front of the stage. To Dumps's great surprise, it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shouts of "hear, hear." At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance; I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston; but, in the anguish of the moment, one thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. (*Applause.*) I had an interview with your deservedly favorite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel and he is not to be found. (*Disapprobation.*) I have been informed that he dined early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident can have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to —"

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box; surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his pale face, and widely opened eyes; and at length pointing to Dumps, he exclaimed—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—It is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you; there he sits at the back of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the poor man who could not endure the scrutiny of one pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against his infamous and unprincipled imposture, who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did he escape from the town of Tewkesbury, in a return morning coach.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but, alas! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewkesbury, recognized the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then in confidence informed the assembled party that the recluse was the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrating "his Italy."

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity, every body became officiously attentive to him, he was waylaid in his walks, and intentionally intruded upon by accident in his private apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition; a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance and give his unbiased opinion; and the master of the boarding-house waited upon him, by desire of his guests, to request that he would honor the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner; a craniologist requested to be permitted to take a cast of his head, and as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bedchamber, thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted, he looked towards the Malvern hills, which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows.

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that sea-sickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own; he therefore bargained with some boatmen, who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons who appeared to be watching him, he felt certain they were dogging him, and just as he was stepping into the boat they seized him, saying, "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast, we know you are trying to escape to America, but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavor to explain or to expostulate, he spoke not, but was passively hurried to a carriage in which he was borne to a magistrate as fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment. Of course after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grew a little better, and when the Doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken—Sighmon died.

It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe oxalic acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington road. His funeral was conducted with almost as much decorum as if his late father the mute had been present, and he was left with—

"At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone."

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men.

From the Bower of Taste.

One of the most affecting incidents which memory records, occurred while returning from a late summer excursion among the lakes. About the middle of August, there arrived at Saratoga Springs from the south, a young and interesting couple; their equipage and attendants bespoke affluence, and their manners the high rank in society to which they belonged. But they came not in pursuit of pleasure—to revel for a day in the gay region of fashion. They came in the sadness of their hearts, to bear to a more salubrious clime the first blossom of their hopes, an only child; who like a delicate flower, had drooped beneath too ardent a sun-beam. From a blooming infant, with the curve of health in every limb, and the sparkle of joy in every glance, he had become a mere shadow—but it was a lovely one; his cheek had lost its bloom, and his eye, its brilliancy; but there was a mild serenity on his pure brow, a soft smile on his sweet lips, as he looked up to his young mother in his appealing helplessness, which was more touching to the heart than the richest glow of health. He was two years old; already had he bounded from his nurse's arms with the playful frolic of an innocent lamb—already had he begun to tread with a firmer step, and lisp the names most dear to a parent, when disease pressed her paralyzing seal upon his heart, and chilled the warm current of his heart.

I shall never forget the hour I first beheld the child; it was a bright balmy evening, the mild breeze scarcely stirred the trestled foliage of the woodbines and roses that shadowed the terrace of Congress Hall; hither came the devoted parents with their infant charge, who was oppressed by the heat of the rooms. A striking change was visible in his face, as he lay reclined on the bosom of his mother. There was a slight convulsion in his limbs, a fixedness in his gaze which spoke of approaching death. The physician had prepared the father for the melancholy event, who, in a voice where manly firmness struggled in vain with the emotions of a parent, entreated that the child might be conveyed again to his couch. He is easier here, said the mother in a low voice—see! he is inclined to sleep. The physician laid his hand on the brow of the child, and upon his breast, and the expression of his countenance told too truly that the shaft of death was sped! With an affectionate firmness which she could not resist, he took him from the embrace of his mother, while the agonized father clasping his hands, whispered, our boy is gone forever!

This event, though expected, was too great a shock for her frame to support, and she was conveyed in a state of insensibility to her apartment. I saw them no more.

Beneath the woodbine's fragrant shade,
Where Spring's first flowrets bloom,
The lovely stranger-babe is laid,
Within his lonely tomb.
The mother oft shall linger here,
Where innocence reposes,
And youth and beauty shed a tear,
To gem their tribute roses.

Man.—The glory of man does not consist in his being a master, or a rich man, a nobleman, or a king; it consists in his being a man, in his being formed in the image of his Creator.—*Saurin.*

Evil is in the world, and the permission of it is certainly consistent with the attributes of God. Our inability to account for it is another thing, and the fact is not affected by it.—*id.*

A PROFITABLE WIFE.—A clergyman in one of our large cities, having married a couple, who were strangers, found, on opening a piece of brown paper, which was enclosed in the certificate, one bright cent. A few months after, while walking in the street, a stranger accosted him with the question, "Do you know me, sir?" "I do not," was the reply. "Do not! why, sir, you married me." "Quite probable," quite probable replied the clergyman, "but I so frequently marry strangers, that it is difficult afterwards always to recognize them." "One circumstance," said the stranger, "which I will relate, will, I doubt not, bring me to your recollection; do you not remember finding a bright cent in a certificate which was handed you before marrying a couple?" "I do," said the minister. "I was the man. When I was married, I knew not whether my wife would be of any value, and concluded, that if she should not, your service for me was of little value. After I was married, I took lodgings and soon after went to sea, leaving my wife upon half pay. On my return, I found my wife had paid her rent, supported herself, and laid by a small sum of money, without taking up any of my wages; I am satisfied that I have found a profitable wife, and I now request your acceptance of a five dollar bill for marrying me."

POETICAL ENIGMAS.

What creature's that, in Britain never rare,
Which to two males its mystic being owes?
Start not, nor stand aghast, ye beauteous fair,
My verse no hideous, impious monster shows.
'Tis what your lovely selves resemble most
In shape, complexion, features, air and mein,
What each brisk maid, each celebrated toast,
Views oft with ardent wishes, well I ween—
—Emblem of purity, in white array'd,
Some seem to think it versed in magic art,
With glee approach it, their desires to aid,
As though by touch success it could impart.
Fond fancy this, howe'er the truth to own,
It yields the most exalted bliss below,
To brutes and angels equally unknown,
'Tis all of heav'n that mortals here can know.
Yet of this earthly bliss the short-liv'd lot;
For e're one single month be fairly o'er,
Its very name is utterly forgot,
Sunk in oblivion, nor thought of more.

Form'd long ago, yet made to-day,
Employ'd while others sleep,
What few would ever give away,
Or any wish to keep.

In youth, exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd,
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side.
No wonder now I look so thin,
He stripp'd me to the very skin;
My skin he flaw'd, my hair he crop'd,
At head and foot my body lopt;
And then with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell ten thousand lies:
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line;
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.

Nay more, my master is my slave:
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd;
I hardly now can force a word;
I die, unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

Pray ladies, who in seeming wit delight,
Say what's invisible, yet never out of sight?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

THE RED MAN.

I had a dream.—Byron.

It was at the close of a long and cheerless evening in the month of October, that being tired of looking into my coal grate, at the bright red Lehigh lumps, which glowed with a still greater intensity, as the winds sighed without, and whistled along my roof, I retired to rest. It was a night of utter gloom—but few feet shuffled along the pavement beneath my window, and the step was hurried, as of one hastening to escape from the cold and deserted street, and seeking shelter from the chill and braceless breeze, which sung so mournfully around the tall houses, and chanted in a low, continuous wail at the corner of every street. My ideas were confused, and when at length I acquired a momentary slumber, divers images and strange shapes crossed my fancy—and, restless and weary as I was, haunted me with their uncouth gestures, and frantic gambols. At length nature conquered and I fell asleep.

It was about two o'clock that I fancied I heard an alarm of fire. I arose and descended into the street, and casting a glance to the direction from which the more uproarious clamors seemed to proceed, I saw a bright, light flame curling up into the dark and portentous sky. I know not how, but I was the next moment mingling with the tide of persons which, with its usual accompanying noise and confusion, was settling towards the place of danger. My hand was grasped by a fellow-pedestrian, who urged me on to the flames, which, growing brighter and brighter, now arose beneath volumes of black and turgid smoke, and lighted the very street in which we were walking, and threw the gigantic shadows of our feet upon the walk beneath. I did not look at my companion, but hurried on till turning a corner, the whole scene burst upon my view!

A tall and majestic building was sending forth with a mingled hiss and roar, the vivid element which preyed within—devouring the combustibles in its way, and eddying around the windows, pieces of which were ever and anon dropping below, and lighting the rank dry grass which they touched in their fall. The house stood by a church yard, and the faded grass was a mass of creeping fire. The monuments—the white momentos of affection, shot up towards the dim, discolored smoke, which slowly moved a long way above them, and whiter from the contrast, shone like the glaciers of Switzerland, kindled into a glow by the morning sun. I heard a shrieking from amidst the burning mass, and the next moment I saw a female figure, with dishevelled locks, calling for assistance from the crowd below her. I started, and, with a palpitating heart, called to my companion, who was standing near, and who had joined me in the way, to die with me if necessary, in saving the beautiful being whose cries for succor became more heart-rending and awful, as the danger thickened around her. We had leaped the wall which surrounded the church-yard, and placing a ladder against the burning tement, prepared to ascend to the rescue.

I had mounted the ladder, and prepared myself with a rope, when on a sudden my progress was arrested, and I looked up. "You come not here!" said a horrid looking figure, who was as red as the fire that glared fearfully around him. "You come not here—the lady dies—peril not your life thus rashly!"

The cries for relief arose from above, and the lady's foot had touched the ladder, when the red man slipped it away, and the shrieking sufferer hung to the window, about the top of which the flame was twining its hissing eddies. "Good Heavens!" said I, "must she perish, and assistance so near!" Anger lent me strength—I hurled the red man from off the ladder, and reaching out my hand to the despairing sufferer—the ladder gave way, and as I reached the ground, the strange and unearthly countenance of the red man glared with savage triumph, as he pointed upwards and laughed with the voice of a demon. It was too much—and—I awoke!

I was standing upon the floor—one hand grasped my bed-post with a clench of iron—my red night-cap, (I shall wear it no more,) was drawn over my eyes, and I was looking through its knit cavities, out into the street, along which the engines were slowly returning from a false alarm of fire. "I will eat no more warm toast and welsh rabbit at night," said I, as I crawled again to the bed which I had unwittingly left, and fell into a slumber which lasted till breakfast. SIMON.

MISCELLANY.

NIGHT KEYS.—The inventor of night keys, must have congratulated himself upon having completed a very useful project, and will deserve the thanks of all husbands and sons, of nocturnal habits, and all lazy maids and servants, who are fatigued with "answering the door." We have our apprehensions, that a night key, though a great convenience, will turn out a great evil. We say nothing about the facility with which the light-fingered gentry imitate those keys, and strip a hall of cloaks and hats; we refer to a greater and more extensive scene of mischief resulting from the use of night keys.—Formerly, no head of a family retired unless all the members were at home or in bed, safe from mischief or dissipation; but now, almost every junior branch of the family has a night key, and it is difficult to say at what hour of the night or morning they betake themselves to rest. In illustration of this fact, we relate an anecdote:—A good, easy, respectable head of a family, rich, and an early retiree to bed, had three sons, aged 23, 21 and 19. They all had night keys—and the father, good, easy man, finding his boys at breakfast every morning, concluded that they were regular in their hours of going to bed, but having some reason to suspect that all might not be right on this head, he determined to sit up and wait their arrival. At one the youngest entered, rather surprised at seeing his father calmly seated by the fire, and alone. "Where have you been, my son, to this late hour?" The lad stammered an apology or explanation, "I have been to the play, sir." "But that is out at 11 o'clock." "Yes, sir—but I met an acquaintance, and sat conversing about politics and military affairs until this time." "Well, sir, give me your night key and retire." At two the second son entered, and started back at

seeing his father seated by the fire. "Up so late, father?" "Yes, sir, I was uneasy about you—where have you been?" "Why, I fell in with Dick Wildfire, Harry Lawless, and Charles Courtly, and over a solitary glass of whiskey punch, we forgot the hour—pray how late is it!" "Too late an hour, sir, for you to be from home—give me your night key." The clock struck three, when the anxious father heard his eldest and favorite son open the door, and was struck with amazement and distress at finding him drunk. "What, father, up so early—no, zounds I mean so late—confound this headache—sorry to keep you waiting—took a rubber at whist with an old hand—gave me one and played dummy—lost on eight dollar points." "But, sir, you are tipsy—nay, disgracefully drunk." "No, no, not drunk, only a little boozey—why you must know that at one I left whist and was passing by my friend, Dr. Cureall's, when thinks I, let's see if Doctor is at home, so I took out my night key and opened his door—went in and found not only a good fire, but the supper table laid out and the Doctor absent. Supposing he had a call, I took a seat and helped myself to a wing of a chicken and drank a few glasses of Champagne—the Doctor came in and so we sat and finished the bottle and talked of medicine—the opera—fine arts, and the fashions until the present time—that's all sir." The worthy father with a heavy heart betook himself to rest, resolved for the future to take a deeper interest in the fate of his children, and see that they were safe in bed hereafter before he closed his eyes.

There are many fathers who should lose no time in demanding the night keys from their sons.—*N. Y. Courier.*

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

LOVE AT A GLIMPSE.

Some years ago there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellect had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare, a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost amidst the common-place crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again there. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then back as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not—he felt disappointed; he tried again—still she abstained from passing. He continued to traverse the place till the evening, when the streets became deserted. By and by, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were in vain, and he left the silent lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as the gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never off the street. He wandered hither and thither throughout the town, like a forlorn ghost. In particular he often visited the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he consid-

ered that he had a better chance of seeing her there than any where else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made a tour of all the churches in the town. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present in his mental optics—but she never appeared in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world besides was to him a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods over-much or over long upon the engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of this country tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction.—The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour; with some things, too, about him, which, like the motionless indices of that machine, pointed out the date of the interruption. As, for instance, he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neck-cloth of a particular spot, being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing that bore relation to the great incident of his life; nor could he endure any thing whatever, that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feelings of veneration for that day—that circumstance—and for himself, as he then existed—which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good-looking, he gazed at with an inquiring anxious expression, and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose ages and figures most nearly resembled that of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love!—Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!

He that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds; but he that endeavors after it by false merit, has to fear not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel.—*Rambler.*

No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability.—*Id.*

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.—*Pope.*

TOLERATION.—There is only one class of men in the world, who deserve no toleration, and they are those of any denomination who will tolerate none but themselves.—*Ecclesiastical Researches.*

The tastes of men differ as much as the sentiments and passions; and in feeling the beauties of art, as in smelling flowers, tasting fruits, viewing prospects, and hearing melody, every individual must be guided by his own sensations and the incommunicable associations of his own ideas.—*Sir William Jones.*

It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, "that to have it is to be in fear, and to want it to be in sorrow."

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28.

Fertility.—Some dreadful exposures have lately been made in a London Magazine, respecting the manner in which a newspaper is got up, exhibiting the small beginnings out of which paragraphs grow. It is but too true, that from small sources, those who drive the editorial quill, are often obliged to manufacture the wares in which they deal, and it is a standing joke among them, that if a piece of information which they promulgate should turn out to be untrue, it is so much the better, inasmuch as it answers a double purpose, and makes occasion for two paragraphs, the last, to be sure, not quite so good as the first, because it must be an exposure of your ignorance, in the form of a contradiction, beginning, "we fell into a small error yesterday, owing to erroneous information," or, "we are happy to find the statement respecting an estimable individual turns out to be false." It is proper in these cases to get out of the scrape as well as you can, by throwing the blame on "erroneous information," or "being misled by the current report." The whole matter of editing a newspaper is so easy, and the public are gratified out of their money by such simple means, that we have often been surprised it ever should have been thought necessary that a man be well educated, or that his whole time should be required to edit so simple a thing as a printed sheet. We have a project on hand, by which the public will be great gainers, from the fact that but one editor will be required for all the papers now published in this goodly city, and consequently the subscribers can be served much more reasonably, we mean cheaper than now, when they have ten or fifteen lazy fellows to support by their quarterly payments.

If we are encouraged in this plan, as no doubt we shall be, we shall immediately furnish our office with the number of desks corresponding with the number of papers to be edited, with one ink-stand, a paste-pot, and some blank paper to each, and shall here give a specimen of our *modus operandi* for each, as a fair sample of what we can do in this way. Let us see; we are now the editor of eight daily papers, and six weekly ditto. We rise early to prepare for the four afternoon journals, and are seated at the desk appropriated to the

Gazette.
Enter Printer's Devil, with the Exchange papers, who opens and dries them, and performs the same operation all round the several desks.

Enter Foreman. Editor.—How much copy will be wanted to-day for your paper. **Foreman.**—Three columns of "reading," one of "Commercial," and the usual supply of "ship news," the latter of which is in hand. **Editor.**—Send down in twenty minutes. We open the papers and cut out "politics" from the New York Evening Post and Enquirer, one column—from Poulson of the morning, half a column of local items, of no particular importance, but which *must go*. From the country papers 'quantum suff.' of "dreadful accidents," suicides—no suicides we shall omit from all our papers—great fires and foreign news will fill up the balance, and we then set down to write the leaders, or editorial matter. Write: "The evils of the banking system are beginning to be appreciated throughout the world. We have just learned from Capt. —, that when he left Canton, there was a great stir among the Hong merchants, in consequence of the failure of Kingaleo, who has long acted as their confidential banker, and who, it is said, has ten notes out for one dollar of specie in his vaults. We hope this notice will admonish the gullible people of this union not to trust their funds to any public or private institution which has not laid fully before them an exhibit of their finances. We have actually written down the Small Note System in this Gazette, and if we are not much mistaken, the errors of Banking will soon become apparent."

This will do for a leader. *Enter a gentleman, with the information that the Territory of Arkansas has gone for Jackson.* Writes:

"We have just learned by an express received by a highly respectable gentleman, that the Territory of Arkansas has given an unequivocal symp-

tom of reform, by electing nine members who were on the Jackson ticket. This is as we predicted, and will prove, if any thing can, that the popularity of the Hero is extending in every direction." *Writes the last paragraph.* "By the John Adams, at New York, we have intelligence to the 30th ult. The items of any importance will be found below, taken from the Commercial Advertiser." Pastes a long column below it, and the copy is ready for the compositors, who, by their ambassador, the devil, are in waiting.

The — desk is next approached. *Enter Foreman.* How much copy yet wanted? **Foreman.**—Six columns—the copy over yesterday is nearly finished. Open the New York papers, and see a debate in the American from the London Times. Write—"Every man who has paid any attention to the course pursued by the BRITISH Ministry in their relations with SPAIN, is familiar with the speech made by CANNING on the subject of the possession by ENGLAND of the Rock of GIBRALTAR. Some recent events in that quarter have led to an investigation of the cause of the fever which prevailed there lately, and the subject drew from Lord NORTH the following eloquent remarks." Paste the debate to the above, and give it out as Editorial. Look over a dozen papers—reduce a few articles to the size of items—slush up a grist of intelligence, and the — is made up, the ship news and theatrical notices being left to other hands.

At the desk of the — Gazette we find a pile of books from the trade, and a host of foreign periodicals. Give a glance at the first, note their names, and write a paragraph on each. Select the most piquant foreign articles, a few domestic varieties, all the short paragraphs from the morning papers, and that is done with.

But our article is progressing to too great a length; and our paper warns us to quit. We intended to go the whole round of the prints of this city, but it would occupy the whole of our paper, and very possibly be of no benefit to the public.—We have said enough, however, to convince every liberal spirited man that we are qualified for the task of editing the whole, and if our subscribers will give us encouragement, we shall be able to reduce the price of newspapers one half, by curtailing them of the incumbrance and expense of so many editors. How soon we enter upon this course of duties will depend upon others; we do not look upon the fatigue of it as of any consequence, but we must have encouragement.

Fountains.—We learn with pleasure that strong efforts will be used by the present Councils to introduce tasteful fountains in one or more of our public squares. There is no improvement which we more ardently desire to see introduced into this city, against which no reasonable objection can be urged. The Schuylkill may be turned into the city at almost no increase of expense; the working of the wheels, including attendance, does not now exceed 4 dollars a day, and should the present population of the suburbs, and all included, be doubled, we learn from a member of the watering committee, that there would be water enough, and to spare. Should the present Councils introduce this improvement of fountains, they will be remembered by posterity.

The North Carolina Star has been benefitted, it seems, by the discovery of gold mines, and has actually got some cash. As for ourselves, we should be quite satisfied with a few tons of Schuylkill County Coal, of which our cellar will hold a goodly quantity. There is no mining we like half so well as that which can be done in our own cellar.

Lithography.—A visit to Pendleton & Childs's Lithographic establishment will delight the amateur of the Fine Arts. These gentlemen have imported an extensive variety of specimens of the skill of Parisian and London artists, which may be examined on application. They are now turning out work equal to any similar establishment in America, and will, we doubt not, be successful. A large city is the proper place for such an establishment.

Our Oracle is silent for want of questions.

Dreadful Loss.—A Mr. Moore was robbed last week on entering the Arch Street Theatre, and the following is the advertisement of his loss. People not accustomed to writing advertisements, should employ a friend:

"PICK POCKETS.

"On Friday evening, the 6th inst., as I was crowding my way into the pit of the Arch Street Theatre, to see the popular Mr. Forrest, as King Lear, some one, probably through necessity, took from my coat pocket a pocket-book; whoever it is will please to be so kind as to return the papers, among which were a lottery ticket, number 34, entitled to one chance to draw a sail boat. The said thief or thieves may keep said pocket book, together with fifteen dollars good money and five dollars counterfeit of the Bank of North America, to remunerate him, or them, for the peculiar slight of hand used in obtaining it, and I feel thankful I had no more value on hand for you. I also pledge myself not to expose you to the laws of man—but leave you to settle with the D—, if you can, you Thief, or Thieves.

C. M. MOORE, No. 322½ Market street."

The New York Commercial, albeit somewhat given to "extenuate," gives out the annexed article:—

The Tariff.—A lot of rotten apples was seized in the Market House of Detroit, last week, by a revenue officer, which had been illegally brought into Uncle Sam's premises. Certain French ladies, claiming to be the owners of this valuable property, set up a horrible clamor, and, being joined by a hundred more women and boys, pelted the deputy fairly off the ground, discharging their missiles with such good aim and effect, that he looked like one large rotten apple himself. The unfortunate man was intercepted in his flight by a corps of juvenile citizens, well supplied with rotten eggs, who improved his condition by discharging them at him. Thus was Uncle Sam deprived of his fruit, and the hopes of having chickens, and his dignity violated in the person of his officer. All this is owing to the Tariff."

The Edinburgh Review, in commenting on America and its prospects, says—"They are indeed in arduous contest with the hundred temptations which are hurrying their young men to break from the scholastic chain, with a mouthful of education scarcely descended beyond the throat, to plunge into the world that is all before them." This in a few words expresses very aptly the actual condition of education in America; a condition which we should rejoice to know we were "in arduous contest with." Our youth are emphatically only allowed to taste of learning, as a boy swallows hot cherry-pudding; their "throats" are scalded, and a whipping frightens them forever from the field.

Prodigious.—Capt. Bunker's new boat exceeds all heretofore built. One of the New York papers says—"The President.—This equally splendid and tremendous *Walk-in-the-Water*—the very *Kraken* of all steamers—left this city on Friday for Providence, in her regular line of duty. She made the trip, against a strong head wind, in fourteen hours. From Newport to Providence she ran in one hour and forty minutes, being at the rate of one mile in three minutes and twenty seconds, which is at the rate of EIGHTEEN MILES AN HOUR. This is the swiftest "Walking on the water" ever known."

The following is said to be an exact copy of a hand-bill circulated in this city many years ago, and we doubt not our readers will think it worthy of preservation:

"I, Jean le Merian, bein thru neccessite oblige to teach la langue francuis to de peuple, I be glad you send your childs a Moi. Je demeure toder ind Second street. All my leisure hour I make sausage a vende—O! I forgit to tell how mush I ave for teach de school—4 dollars quarter, and 6½ cent entrance for teach de plus polite langue d'Europe."

How to get clear of Evidence.—A man named Chaplain, having passed counterfeit money in Martinsburg, Va. was arrested, and the Gazette gives the annexed account of his examination:

"When Chaplain was before the magistrate, the fifty dollar note which he passed in this place was laid on the table by one of the young gentlemen, for the purpose of inspection. He immediately picked it up and put it into his mouth, and although seized and severely choked, succeeded in swal-

lowing it. Immediately after swallowing it he gave fifty dollars in good money to the person to whom he passed the note. No counterfeit money being found on him, and the note which he passed not to be produced, the laws of this Commonwealth could not punish him; he was given over to the gentleman who pursued him from Maryland."

A country print after a long story about revolutionary patriots, ends its eulogium thus—

"Their names and their estates have indeed been written on water, and are now only referred to as evidences of imprudence—"to paint a mortal or adorn a tale."

We never knew before that names and estates could "indeed" be written on water, nor that revolutionaries painted their "mortal" selves—they must have been playing the parts of the natives or ed-men.

We are often much gratified with the perusal of a literary gem from a neighboring county, which is doing more for its readers than ten presses that we could name. We have not room to-day for one of its "leaders," but to make up we will try to insert the first and last paragraphs, knowing they will gratify some of our philological acquaintances.

First paragraph:—"Novelties never fail to attract the attention of mankind, altho' their taste for novelty is very much diversified."

Last paragraph:—"It is much easier to imr-ess instruction on the human mind by *persuasiveness* than by theatres."

FOR THE ARIEL.

TO THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Lone bird! that lov'st to haunt
The churchyard's silent shade,
Where waves the pine its sable wreaths—
O'er the low tomb, and sadly breathes
Peace to the lowly laid—

When twilight spreads her shades,
Then wakes thy mournful strain;
Or when upon thy couch, a bough,
The fitful moonbeams glimmering through,
Thy voice is heard again.

I love thy song, though sad,
Since, while I list thy note,
The images of childhood come,
And voices buried in the tomb,
Seem on the air to float.

For when a child, I loved
At eventide to stray,
Alone, to some romantic spot,
And, musing, thro' the world of thought
Rush far and free away.

Then gleamed before my gaze,
Visions of bright-haired things,
That whispered soft of love, and fame,
And wealth, and glory, and a name—
Fancy's imaginings!

Then would I eager start—
But like the sudden light
That flashes o'er the northern sky,
With fitful, dazeling gleam, they fly,
As transient and as fair.

But years have passed away,
And visioned hopes proved vain—
Yet from myself I love to steal,
As then, a glow of joy to feel,
Then, bird, renew thy strain.

October, 1829.

SIGMA.

WANT.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For e'en that indigence which brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above to know;
A good which none would challenge, few would
A fair possession which mankind refuse. [choose
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
Dryden.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish.—This is the title of Cooper's last work, just issued from the press of Carey & Lea. We have long anticipated that the incidents of border warfare, during the infancy of the settlement of this country, would form the theme for legendary romance; but we did not expect, till we perused Mr. C's first production, that the date of the printed legend would have been of the present century. What cannot, however, the imagination and the pen of genius perform? It dips its finger in the ink, and all the magic of force and reality is engaged in felling the forest—clearing a settlement—the sturdy borderer is seen in close contest with the warrior of the forest, while the reader is presented with the moving drama, possessing all the attributes but touch and sight, to make a lasting impression. We have read these two volumes with intense interest, and have no doubt that every unprejudiced reader will, before he comes to the conclusion of the second volume, pronounce the story to be the most interesting, relating to our Indian natives, which has ever been penned. It embraces the following incidents, which, it will be perceived, form admirable canvasses for the painter to exert his imagination in filling up. The settlement of Mark Heathcote, a Puritan of the time of Charles the 1st, in a remote part of the province of Connecticut. His family consists of a son and his wife and children, with numerous dependants, and their residence presents all the appurtenances of an extensive farm house, erected with a caution so necessary when the Indians burnt and destroyed the habitations of the "pale faces" with so little mercy. It is in fact a military farm house, protected with all the caution of palisades, block-house, &c. &c. An Indian youth is one evening captured, lurking near the out-houses, and becomes for the space of six months a prisoner, where he acquires some knowledge of the "Yengeese" language. The settlement is attacked by his tribe, and we have one of the most soul stirring combats of ferocious warfare. The buildings are set on fire, and the family retire to the block-house, after defending their dwelling, with the loss of a grand-daughter of old Heathcote, who is carried off by the heathen. The block-house is finally on fire, and all hands assist in its extinguishment, till the cry is heard from the maidens at the well in the centre of the building, that the water is exhausted! and there appears no possible way to save them from the flames, which increase with frightful rapidity, and the assailants stand off in mute delight at the prospect of destruction before them. They hear old Mark in solemn prayer, and after the work of desolation is complete, they retire to the forest. Here the reader concludes the main action of the piece is ended; but not so. The whole family, after listening attentively, emerge from the bottom of the well, (in which they had lain concealed after the heat of their castle became too intense,) the top being covered with an iron door. We are now transported ten years forward in time. Mark and his son had rebuilt their habitation, and a village risen around them, when another onset of the Indians, gives occasion for another fine battle scene. The young Indian captured before mentioned, is brought again upon the tapis, and it is discovered that he is a Chief of great power; when he sees his old friends, among whom he had been domesticated as a prisoner, and who, he was firmly convinced, were all burnt up, he was astounded, and here we have a fine dialogue, and "The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish," in the person of the captive maid, is again brought home, the wife of the forester, and the mother of a half-Indian boy. The scenes between the mourning mother and her recovered daughter, are of the most touching character, and are of themselves sufficient to stamp the book a favorite with the public, and to raise the author even to a more enviable reputation, than that which he has heretofore enjoyed. To the reader of this description of books, we can safely say, buy and read the "Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish."

From late English periodicals we select the following items of literary intelligence:—

"A History of China, translated from the Chinese of Choo-Foo-Tse, by P. P. Thomas, many

years resident at Macao, in China, is announced for publication. It is stated to commence with the reign of Fuh-he, according to Chinese chronology, B. C. 3000, and to reach the reign of Min-te, A. D. 300, including a period of 3,300 years.

"The Winter's Wreath for 1830, a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, contributed by Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Miss E. Taylor, Miss Bowles, Miss M. A. Browne, Delta—author of "Recollections on the Peninsula," author of "Selwyn," author of "Rank and Talent," a Modern Pythagorean, the Roscoes, Archdeacon Wrangham, Rev. Drs. Butler, Raffles, and J. Parry, Bowring, Wiffen, W. Howitt, Derwent Conway, Hartley, Coleridge, &c. &c.—and embellished with engravings from Northcote, Howard, H. Bone, Havill, Stephanoff, Christall, Lewis, Wild, Jan Steen, Moses, Williamson, and Austin, finishes (we believe,) the Annals announced for the ensuing season."

FOR THE ARIEL.

NOTES

OF A TOUR THROUGH THE WESTERN PART OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

No. 3.

8th—I arose early, having but a disturbed rest during the night, owing to the continued blowing of trumpets and horns at the approach of every lock, and now and then a tremendous jar received in passing a boat; but there is the strictest caution and observation of rules respecting the mode of passing, &c., a precaution highly important, or, owing to the immense number of boats, great confusion and no little danger would be the consequence. The boats on the canal have a beautiful appearance at night, being each illuminated by two large reflecting lamps on either side the bow, which has much the appearance of a street brilliantly illuminated. I endeavored to count the boats which we passed yesterday, but I soon gave it up for a troublesome job. On going on deck this morning, I found a cold air and heavy frost; we were just passing the village of Conojoharie, being the most considerable place since leaving Schenectady. I shall not attempt a description of all the numerous villages growing along our route, but will in another place give a list of their names, and distances apart. We are still in the valley of the Mohawk, which is narrow and fertile, but the surrounding country has nothing to boast of as to soil. The river at this place is not, I should suppose, over 50 to 70 yards wide, and is, wherever I have seen it, chequered with little islands, which give it a pleasing appearance. The locks and bridges are very numerous, and it requires great attention and care in passing them, or you may be knocked down, and rise up without your head on your shoulders, which, before you can say "look out," may be in possession of the canal fishes. The bridges being low—the highest of them not more than 10 feet above the water, and some even not over 8 feet, while the boat is full seven, we have occasionally only one foot between the two objects, which hardly admit a boy to pass under them. The bridges are cheap structures, being nothing more than two stone abutments, having sleepers thrown across the canal covered with planks, and a handrail on each side. The main width of the canal at the water line is about 40 feet, and the locks 25. The captain informs me that six persons have lost their lives by being crushed between the bridges, which is a greater number than have been killed during the same time by the bursting of steam engines in the waters of the middle or eastern States.

The locks I shall not attempt to describe, as almost every body is familiar with their construction; they are simple, very strong, well built, and permanent, being uniformly about one hundred feet long. Our boat, which is of a superior class for freight boats, is about 80 feet long by 20; the bow and stern are 4 feet lower than the middle section, which is divided into three apartments—the two end ones for the accommodation of passengers, the stern to eat in, and the bow to sleep and sit in, each about 23 feet long, and sufficiently high for a six-footer to stand erect with his hat on. The roof is in the form of the back of a tortoise, and affords a

handsome promenade, excepting when the everlasting bridges and locks open their mouths for your head. The centre apartment is appropriated to merchandise. The only difference between this and a passage or packet boat, is, that their centre cabins are also for the accommodation of passengers, and in some instances a little more expensively finished, and travel at the rate of 4 miles an hour, while we rarely exceed 3½, they with three horses, and we with only two. It is evident the freight boats very much injure the packets by the cheapness with which they run, but as they go with freight, their passage money is clear gain, and competition is the result. The packets pay heavier tolls, and of course levy it on their cargo of live stock. We really live well in our little house, and have an obliging captain and steward, with every convenience, but short necks, that we could ask or desire.

It takes 5 hands to manage a boat of this size: they are the steward, the helmsman, and two drivers, who relieve each other as occasion may require: we have relays of horses every 20 miles, and thus we are gliding to the West. At 12 A. M. we arrived at the little falls of the Mohawk, distant 88 miles from our place of embarkation, and this being the wildest place on the canal, I shall notice it particularly. The river falls in less than half a mile 50 feet, by one continued rapid, which is surrounded by five locks, one directly above the other. There has evidently been a terrible effort with the little Mohawk, in days of yore, to break through the crags of the mountain barrier, which it evidently has done by the appearance of the rocks, which are worn away in a variety of forms on all sides. There being about 20 boats waiting to pass the locks, which would occupy some time, the captain very politely offered to accompany me to the village situated on the opposite side of the river, which is crossed by a very handsome aqueduct of hewn stone, to supply the canal as a feeder. The village is of considerable size, with several very pretty buildings, located amongst the rocks and crags not unlike Mauch Chunk, being quite destitute of soil. There is a splendid water power at this place, but the most interesting sight was to see the fountains which are before almost every house, supplied from a rivulet led from the mountain, and which are spouting in all directions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Red Man" is filed for insertion in our next paper.

"Sonnet to the Moon" shall appear in our next, though we must decline publishing the accompanying verses.

We shall endeavor to find a place for "Piper" in our next.

We can make nothing of the incoherences of "A Citizen." Like Petulant in the "Way of the World," he appears to be in a maze, as a dog in dancing school.

"Doubt" are written by a jacobinical pen. We will not taint our paper, or insult the faith of our readers, by giving currency to the dreams of skepticism. The author is worthy of a conspicuous station among the more insolent of the infidel tribe:

"He knows each stale and rapid lye,
In tones of French philosophy;
And then we fairly may presume,
From Rousseau down to David Hume,
'Twere difficult to single out
A man more full of shallow doubt."

"A Reader" is clamorous for anecdote, fun, fashion, frolic, and flash, &c. and wishes that our pages should be entirely filled with amusement. This is like the child who sighed for gingerbread all sugar.

The hints from "Microscope" have been attentively read, and carefully considered. The editor thanks his correspondent for the very urbane manner in which his wishes are conveyed. The manner of wearing a gentleman's quill is as readily distinguished as a gentleman's coat.

We deplore the silence of *****.

Pertinacity of opinion more frequently arises from a partial view of a subject, than from a full comprehension of it, and certainly is not of itself any proof of rectitude of judgment.—*Bishop of Landaff.*

MISCELLANY.

NATURE.—The Empress Josephine used to send from Paris bales of toys, playthings, puppets, &c. &c. to her grand children; among others, Napoleon, the little son of Louis, used to receive an ample share while at the Hague. One new year's day, the queen Hortense received an immense case full of the most ingenious toys that the invention of Grancher, and Giroux could devise. Young Napoleon was sitting looking out of a window into the park, and appeared to receive with indifference all the presents spread out before him; he still persevered in gazing down the long avenue that led from his window. The queen, disappointed at not seeing him so happy as she had expected, asked him if he was not grateful to his grandmama for having taken such pains to procure him all the pretty things before him. "Oh! yes, mamma, I am very grateful." "But do not all these pretty playthings amuse you?" "Yes, mamma, but—" "But what?" "I want very much, something else." "Tell me what it is—I promise it to you, my boy." "Oh, mamma, but you would not, I am sure." "Is it money for the poor?" "Papa gave me that this morning, and it is already distributed; it is—" "Come, speak out, you know how much I love you, so you may be sure that I would begin the new year with something you would like; come then, my dear darling, what is it you want?" "Mamma, I want to walk in that pretty mud, which I see out at the window; that would amuse me more than any thing."

WOMAN'S LOVE.—What a gift, or rather what a fatal necessity is the temperament which leads to the living out of one's self, and becoming bound up in the existence of another, over whose will, passions, and conduct, one has no control! This faculty of devotedness is, I suspect, peculiar to females. It is quite possible that a woman, to whom honor and reputation are dearer than life, should risk them a thousand times for the man she loves (particularly if he be her husband,) to save his life and honor. The attachment of a man, however strong and tender, would not reach this. We women love the person beyond all abstract principle; and the error (for it is an error in morals,) is seated in the organization which makes us wives and mothers. Men love principles, and even prejudices, more than the persons they love best; that is, they love themselves best of all, and love themselves on that point of honor on which the world's opinion depends.

"I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honor more."

Ah! this "honor more." Every woman has not the "cœur aimant" of Julia; women of gallantry never—coquettes and prudes rarely. Still, woman may be defined a loving animal, and *tant pis pour elle.*—*Lady Morgan's Boudoir.*

NEW ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Being in Church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was upon the terrors of the gospel, as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive, but somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with his pencil on the back of his Bible the following lines:

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels, such as you.—*Scotsman.*

Philadelphia.—In taking a survey of the present condition of this city, we are led to contrast it with others, and it is very certain that too much of this kind of comparison is in use. To give up this plan, then, let us state, in a few words, in what our present advantages consist. We are located, by the agreement of all, if not in the very most agreeable climate of America, certainly in one which combines fewer disadvantages and extremes than most. With Jersey at our door, we have all the fruits of two distinct descriptions of soil, producing all that grow in any climate of the States, which are considered of any importance. We have the inexhaustible coal mines in our two rivers, which are literally mines of wealth to our citizens, and the value of which will be gradually developed until the end of time. As for water, we are better supplied than any other city in the world; none can exhibit half the security against fire which we possess. We have, too, an enterprising, industrious class of mechanics and handicraftsmen, whose labor is wealth; a class, in fact, which, if found in Southern cities, are so few as scarcely to be counted. We are near enough to the sea to enjoy the advantages of commerce, and have a rich and extensive back country to depend upon us, and mutually to reciprocate the benefits of intercourse. For grazing, the meadows of our county, as well as some adjacent, are unrivalled in any section of the Union. In addition to all this, several minor considerations, which we pass over in silence, the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, has now opened its channel to an unlimited communication with the Bay and tributaries of the Chesapeake, by means of which we are already supplied with the delicious oysters and fish which abound in those waters. We have seen some rock-fish brought, which equal anything of the kind ever seen, and the celebrated Cauvass-backs are beginning to pour in, accompanied by terrapins, greatly increased in size, and reduced in price. As for the oysters, *York River's* have long been known among the rich, but are now sold at the same price with our good but smaller ones. Wood and charcoal, to say nothing of the produce of the Susquehanna, will pour through this short but important channel, and the advantages of our situation will become more manifest every year, by the discovery of new channels of trade in the opening of our numerous canals, rail roads, marble and slate quarries, &c. &c. In fact, we are in our infancy as regards resources. Calculating upon no greater increase for the next fifty years than the last half century has produced, (and we see no reason why we should not calculate on double,) what an immense and prosperous city Philadelphia will become. We trust it will increase in virtue as in wealth, and that our descendants may say as we do, that no man would live out of Philadelphia who could afford to live in it.

The last jump.—Story-writers may now make an article on Poor Sam Patch, who has jumped, at last, into the other world. On the 13th, he leaped from the Genesee Falls, struck the water obliquely, and was taken out dead. We are sorely grieved that poor Sam is dead, because there was a project on foot to get him to exhibit to the admiring Philadelphians. As we had no falls of sufficient height for him to show his wonderful powers, it was proposed that he should jump down the throat of the Anaconda, when it became 60 feet long. The serpent was to have been fed expressly, so as to grow fat, and not be so ravenous as to be unwilling to part with Sam; he was to be taught to keep him assafe as the Whale did Jonah.

Intelligence.—Our American newspapers must yield the palm to their British contemporaries in the exertions and expense incurred in endeavoring to afford the earliest intelligence. In England it is a business followed with as much exertion and talent as the most extended of commercial speculations by land or sea. A recent publication relates in substance, the following curious fact, illustrative of the rapidity with which information is circulated through the country by means of the evening London papers. A vessel arrived about four years ago, off Liverpool, with papers containing the account of a decisive battle between the Royalists and Patriots of South America. As soon as the

vessel was signalled, a boat was sent off by the agent, and papers were landed, and sent by express to London, where they arrived at half past one o'clock on the following day. They were used for the purposes of speculation, and then given to the editor of an evening paper, and at half past three, the owner of them had a copy of the paper in the City, containing a translation from the papers which he had supplied. In 15 minutes the person who brought them from Liverpool, was sent back with a copy of the London paper, and arriving at 12 the following day, the wind having kept the vessel out of dock, and no communication allowed, the first information the inhabitants of Liverpool had of the battle, was derived from the London paper, which was laid on the table of the reading room one hour before the vessel entered the port.

When the Emperor of Russia was in England, he visited Oxford. An account of his arrival there in the evening, was sent up thence by express to a morning paper, in which it was printed, and the paper containing it was sent to Oxford by express, so as to be on the breakfast table of the Emperor on the following morning. When Nicholas dined in New York, we intend to treat him in the same manner—by a *Bulletin*.

The Journal of a Traveler, which we continue to-day, becomes more interesting as he proceeds. The dead level of the Canal for 70 miles, was entirely new to us. He has not yet arrived at Rochester. One single fact mentioned in a late paper of that place, sets the value of canal-navigation in a striking point of view. It announces a dinner at the Eagle tavern, where were to be served, among other delicacies, lobsters brought alive from the seaboard!

It appears, from several articles in the New York American, that the Gas Company of that place, having a monopoly of the business, charge eighty cents for a hundred cubic feet of Gas, while the Company in Baltimore, making use of the same material, Rosin, charge for a better article only thirty-three cents. This is given as an evidence, and is a conclusive one, of the evils of monopoly, which never yet did produce good to the public.

Satin Beaver.—What shall we come to next? The ladies must cut up all their old gowns, and set to work to make gentlemen's hats. A New York paper says—At a late fair, Simms & Harrison, 57½ Canal street, exhibited a specimen of Satin Beaver Hats, which was worthy of attention, though from want of a catalogue we omitted to notice it then. The nap is composed of a nap of fine silk on a body of fur or other material, and very exactly resembles beaver. Its excellencies are, imperviousness of water, beauty, permanency of color, and cheapness. It is always difficult to fasten colors on fur, but comparatively easy to do so on silk. This is a London invention, where it is said to be in vogue.

Pitiful.—Pickle is often used by Frenchmen for "preserve," but we never, never knew one who used *pitiful* for *compassionate*. A French emigrant, says an English paper, who had recently asked for some assistance of a certain duke, and was the other day unexpectedly put in mind of it, asked only for time, which, said he to his proud creditor, "I do not doubt to obtain, as I have long known you to be the most *pitiful* gentleman in the English nation."

Our friend of the American has become more cautious in his puffs of late. He does not now say, "we have not opened the book lest the interest of the tale should abstract us from our regular duties," but modestly remarks— "Adventures of a King's Page, is the title of another republication by the Messrs. Harpers, which appears to-day. It is in two vols. and by the author of 'Almack's Revisited,' which, though it was, we are told, translated into German, is an unknown book to us, and therefore conveys no notion of the value of this second work from the same pen." It was high time this indiscriminate system of puff, puff, should be banished, and that a bookseller, for a paltry present of an hundred pages, should as regularly count upon a favorable notice. Every press acting in this manner should be exposed.

LITERARY.

The prolific pen of Sir Walter Scott has sent into the world a whole library of entertainment, and the list is so extensive that we defy the most sincere of his admirers to enumerate it, without reference to the whole list. We have seen the experiment frequently tried, and never met an individual prepared to go through the whole. We are indebted to the Edinburgh Journal for the annexed, and transfer it to our columns with pleasure, because we have not at hand any so complete, and are often desirous to refer to it. The enumeration will surprise many who were aware that he had written much—*how much* they can now see for themselves. We are glad when we see people read these books in preference to the wishy-washy trash which covers the counters of circulating libraries throughout this city.

"Sir Walter Scott, then Mr. Scott, first appeared before the public in 1799, (just thirty years ago,) as the translator of a tragedy from the German, called *Geotz of Berlichingen*, with the Iron Hand. It was published in London, we believe anonymously, and has been little heard of since.

In 1802, was published the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish-Border*, with an Introduction and Notes, 2 vols. 8vo.

In 1804, Sir Tristram, a Romance, by Thomas of Ercildoune, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary.

In 1805, the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

In 1806, Ballads and Lyrical Pieces.

In 1808, *Marmion*—and the works of John Dryden in 8 vols. illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author.

In 1809, the State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sandler, with Historical Notes, and a Memoir of his Life—and Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts, in 12 vols. 4to.

In 1810, the Poetical works of Ann Seward, with Abstracts from her Literary Correspondence—and the *Lady of the Lake*.

In 1811, the Vision of Don Roderick.

In 1812, *Rokeby*.

In 1814, the Works of Jonathan Swift, with Notes, and a Life of the Author, in 19 vols. 8vo.—The Lord of the Isles—and the Border Antiquities of Scotland and England.*

In 1815, Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk—the Field of Waterloo—and a work on Ireland.

In 1819, an Account of the Regalia, of Scotland—and Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Historical Illustrations.

In 1829, Trivial Poems and Trivioletts, by P. Carey, with a preface.

In 1822, *Halidon Hill*.

In 1827, the Life of Napoleon, in 8 vols. 8vo.—Memoirs of Larochefoucauld, with a preface for the 1st vol. of Constable's Miscellany, and the Letters of Malachi Malagrowth, on the Currency.

In 1828, Tales of a Grandfather, first series.

And in 1829, Tales of a Grandfather, 2d series.

Add to these Harold the Dauntless, and Bridal of Triermain, which originally appeared anonymously; Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; Lives of the Novelists: Characters of the late Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Somersfield, George III., Byron, and the Duke of York; the Visionary, three periodical papers, which originally appeared in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, on the state of the country in 1820; and innumerable anonymous contributions to different periodical works, among which we may particularly mention the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Edinburgh Annual Register, &c.

Sir Walter Scott's Novels have come out in the following order, and each has consisted of three volumes, unless in the exception which we particularise. In 1814, *Waverley*; 1816, the *Antiquary*—and *Tales of My Landlord*, first series, consisting of the *Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*, 4 vols.; 1818, *Rob Roy*—and *Tales of My Landlord*, second series, consisting of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, 4 vols.; 1819, *Tales of My Landlord*, third series, consisting of the *Bride of Lammermuir*, and the *Legend of Montrose*, 4 vols.; 1820, *Ivanhoe*, the *Monastery* and the *Abbot*; 1821, *Kenilworth*; 1822, the *Pirate*, and the *Fortunes of Nigel*; 1823, *Quentin Derward*; 1824, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Redgauntlet*; 1825, *Tales of the Crusaders*, 4 vols.; 1826, *Woodstock*; 1827, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, first series, 2 vols.; 1828; *Chronicles of the Canongate*, second series; and now, 1829, *Anne of Grierstein*.

* It was in this year also that the first of the *Waverley Novels* came out, but we shall conclude our list of Sir Walter's Miscellaneous Works before speaking of them.

The third number of Mr. Skinner's Sporting

Magazine is received, and on a careful examination of its contents, we find them decidedly more interesting than either the first or second number. The article descriptive of "Trolling for Rock Fish in the Susquehanna," is capably written—full of life and interest, and stirring incident. It is worth, of itself, the price of the Magazine for half a year. We envied the enjoyment of the writer, in his bustling excursions among the rapids of that noble river, and the exultation which marks his narratives of hauling in a dozen Rock-fish weighing five-and-twenty pounds apiece, in a single hour, fairly made us restless to hurry off for the scenes of such glorious sport, and shake hands with the adventurous fisherman. Another article, the "Natural History of the Fox," is of the most interesting order of writing, calculated to interest even those readers who are not considered sporting characters. Many peculiarities of this cunning quadruped, entirely new to us, are furnished, and the whole so well related, that we are almost tempted to reprint it for the gratification of our readers. In addition to this are many other articles, more especially adapted to the tastes of gentlemen devoted to sports of the field. A fine engraving is also given, appropriate to the character of the work. We understand a most liberal patronage has been awarded to the Sporting Magazine—so great, indeed, as to enable the editor to print an edition of four thousand copies.

[We fancy that we recognise in the following beautiful lines, the hand of an admired but long absent correspondent, whose peculiarly happy talent, even under a new signature, is a sufficient index to the mine from whence this true brilliant has been drawn. Our columns have not yet been closed upon the effusions of the same gifted pen, except when its own inactivity has made them silent; and the gratification which the thought affords, is saddened by the reflection that the power to exhibit such gems more frequently, lies in other hands than our own.]

FOR THE ARIEL. TO LOUISA.

Little sportive beauty, say,
Must thy childish joys decay?

Every thought, when life is new,
Is as fresh as morning dew;
Fancy, on her buoyant wing,
Seeks the breast of laughing Spring,
And the young heart takes delight
In each rural sound and sight.

Might thy childhood (almost passed)
Blissful age! forever last:
Mingling with expanding sense,
Spotless truth and innocence.

Like the painted bow above,
Full of promise, peace, and love!
Like a bark upon the sea—
Such is childhood's memory!
Leaving on the infant mind
Not a trace of grief behind.
Like a sky of Summer blue—
Such is childhood's onward view;
All as vague, and all as bright,
Beaming with unclouded light!

Thy mind knows not an anxious doubt,
It never heard of sin,
'Tis heedless of its world without,
Rapt in its world within!
With flaxen hair, and bright blue eyes,
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise
To keep my favorite still a child.

I know that soon a riper grace
Will mantle on thy maiden face—
But then, alas! thou wilt not be
The same fair child to me,
That came on youth's elastic feet,
My long familiar steps to greet!
With flaxen hair, and bright blue eyes,
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise,
To keep my favorite still a child.

Philad. Nov. 18. AMARYLLIS.

Madame de Susa remarked that cleanliness was the elegance of the poor, and Lewis the 18th said that punctuality was the politeness of Kings.

FOR THE ARIEL.

TROUBLES.

"I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosophy
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently."

I'm troubled with the incubus—
I'm troubled with the blues—
I con the book of Job instead
Of conning foreign news;
The times are cursed cruel;
I've scarce enough to eat,
I'd like to fight a duel,
If I thought I should get beat.

I've got the gout in one leg,
A corn on every toe,
Cantharides upon my back,
And Fortune for a foe.
I gaiters wear for hose,—
A collar for a shirt,—
I'm shunned by all the modern beaux,
By every modern flirt.

A leger's now my romance—
John Doe my Walter Scott—
A pot of beans my turtle soup—
The rest should be forgot;
The times are strangely altered
Since I was twenty-one;
I never thought then of a wig,—
I never thought of fun.

My days were then all sunshine,
My nights were then all dreams,
My love was like the moon, when
She sheds her mellow beams;
I thought not then of frowns,
I thought not then of tears,
And that plague of plagues, the emui,
Was last of all my fears.

But thus it is with mankind;
And as the wise ones say,
The fondest and the prettiest
Must each one have his day;—
And if I've already had mine—
If my sunny hours are past,
Oh! take me to the Hospital,
And let me breathe my last.

Sandy Hill, N. Y.

PIPER.

FOR THE ARIEL.

SONNET—TO THE MOON.

Rising in splendor from the horizon,
Fair, modest empress of the night,
Far more enchanting than the glorious sun,
With all his rays, magnificently bright;
I hail thy coming with a cheerful eye,
And with a mind elated with delight,
I watch thy progress through the boundless sky,
To where bright Sol has hurried in his flight.
Thou dost dispense around, soft, silvery beams,
On wood and meadow, and the mountain's
brow;
Thou seest thy image in the glassy streams,
Thou hear'st their murmurs as they gently flow,
Thou art the glory of the evening hour,
And contemplative minds oft feel thy secret
power.

ORLA.

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS

Thou art welcome, O thou warning voice,
My soul has pined for thee;
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore,
To wanderer on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs,
Thou call'st me from the lowly earth,
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth! since kindred steps
From its green path are fled,
A dimness and a hush have fallen
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the unanswering soul
Is on me and around,
My heart hath echoes but for thee,
Thou still small warning sound!

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard;
Sweet household name by name hath chang'd
To grief's forbidden word!
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed;

And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are ye, my beloved?

Ye left me! and earth's flowers are fill'd
With records of the past,
And stars pour'd down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast:
The sky-lark sings not as he sung
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died.

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner,
Why should I last remain?
What heart can reach my heart of hearts,
Bearing in light again?
Even could this be—too much of fear
O'er love would now be thrown—
Away! away! from time, from change,
To dwell amidst my own!

FOR THE ARIEL.

NOTES

OF A TOUR THROUGH THE WESTERN PART OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK.

No. 4.

The rapids at the Little falls are divided just below the village by an elevated island of everlasting rocks, which arrests its progress and causes an incessant roar and foam. The canal for a mile below this spot is a perfect encroachment upon the bed of the river—the wall which divides it from the river is powerful and strong, that the labor and expense attending its erection must have been immense. I was shown on the village side of the river, the old canal and locks by which this rapid was passed, before the great modern improvement was projected. It was constructed more than 30 years since by a company of Englishmen, and was considered at that time a wonderful production of genius. But when contrasted with the present improvement, it dwindles into insignificance; the upper section is still used to supply the feeder, and crosses the aqueduct. The country still continues poor on both sides, while the narrow valley of the Mohawk presents very fine land. The passenger can supply himself with provisions and grog at all the lockhouses along the line at a very low rate. We arrived at 5 o'clock at the long level commencing at the village of Frankford; the canal is now one entire uninterrupted sheet of water for 70 miles, without a solitary lock; we have passed enough however to suffice for a while, having ascended upwards of 40 since leaving Schenectady, a distance of 80 miles. Very soon after entering the long reach, which is the summit level of the canal, the country begins to assume a different appearance, and the view is not so confined as heretofore. As the afternoon is a very pleasant one, the prospect is truly delightful.

We arrived at Utica just at sunset, and found our water course literally choked up with boats, and as there was considerable freight on board of ours to be discharged here, we were notified that she would be detained about two hours, of which space we determined to avail ourselves by taking a peep at the town, all agreeing to continue our voyage with the obliging Captain and steward. Accordingly, we stepped on shore, and took a bird's eye view of the attractions of the place. As I never had heard much said respecting this same town of Utica, I was truly astonished, and not a little pleased with it. Setting aside delightful Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, (I always place Philadelphia first on my list of pleasant cities,) I never saw so many fine buildings in any other town. It is really a beautiful place, and to my apprehension is not much smaller than Albany; I doubt whether the famed Rochester will equal it. The streets are many of them very wide, being at right angles, nearly in a direction North, South, East and West, with the exception of State street, which runs in an oblique direction, and appears to be the Broadway of Utica, and truly for two or three squares it is in no respect inferior to that celebrated avenue of New York. There is an elegant church in the place, with a handsome steeple of great altitude, observable from a great distance. The Mohawk runs immediately on the north side of the place, and the canal directly through the centre. Nothing can exceed the facility with which boats are loaded and discharged. There is a walk on each side of the canal about 10 feet wide; a boat stops

opposite a store, a tackle descends from an upper story, which by means of a rope and windlass within the building, managed by one man, can raise and lower heavy weights with wonderful despatch. I should have wished to have remained in this charming place for a longer period, but was propelled forward by persuasion. We left Utica at 10 P. M. and the ear was saluted from a great distance up and down the canal by the music of bugles, horns, and trumpets, some of the boatmen sounding their instruments most sweetly. After enjoying these sounds for some time, I tumbled into my berth to partake of the necessary blessing of a nap.

9th—I awoke about sunrise and ascended our deck; there had been another heavy frost. We were just passing Bull fort, and had entered the Black Snake, so called from the serpentine course of the canal. We have passed, during the night, Whitesborough, Oriskany, and Rome, three mushroom villages, which, with many others, have sprung up as with the magic of Aladdin's lamp. We had now before us, with a few exceptions, one uninterrupted white pine and hemlock swamp for something like 20 miles, and really it looks to me as if you might cut and haul wood and logs to eternity without exhausting the supply. The country looks perfectly level, and in many places judging from the white clover and blue-grass which cover the shores of the canal, must be fertile, though its appearance would not indicate a healthy location for man. As we approached Canistota, which by the way is but three years old, and a considerable place, we observed the country to be settled partially on both sides, the soil being dark and deep, was thickly covered with stumps and rich grass. In the course of the last 10 miles, we have passed several squads of Onondaga and Oneida Indians carrying baskets, brooms, hunting apparatus, &c. I could not but think of their once numerous herds, now no more, save a few scattered remnants of their wandering tribes, having scarcely a spot which they can call their own. Placing myself for a moment in their situation, it made me feel sad, and I could but exclaim with Burns, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!" Among these numbers were frequently seen little children, and we diverted ourselves for miles together in making them run after the packet, by occasionally throwing out a cent, which made great scratching and scrambling to see who would get it. We could not prevail on them to converse by the offer of any bribe whatever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lilla" complains of the occasional coldness of her lover, but her effusion would not edify our readers. It is not always the warmest lovers who make the best husbands. This fond fair, who wishes to live upon love, as Giles Gingerbread did upon learning, must not expect *unceasing* attentions. Husbands will sometimes go from home as well as fall asleep, and she must not imitate the lady in the following lines—

"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep?"
"Ah! barbarous man," she cries, "how could you—sleep."

Our friend and able humorist from Georgia is requested to continue his letters to the Editor, who will be pleased to act as his agent.

A scribbler who often complains when we omit any of his articles, is informed that the editor designs to retain in his own hands the control of his own columns. No one but an editor can properly appreciate the difficulties we have to contend with in always procuring the necessary *variety* to suit the tastes of all. We would say to him—

"With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free."

The lines addressed by "F." to the publishers of the Atlantic Souvenir, are not suited to our columns. We advise him to call on the Messrs. Careys with them, as such compliments are well worth a copy of the book of which he holds such "eloquent discourse."

Character of the ancient Romans.—When they were poor, they robbed mankind; and as soon as they became rich, they robbed one another.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful, when it rectifies error and improves judgment. He that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.—Johnson.

Total number of deaths in this city during the week ending 14th Nov. 67.—We know not how true the following is: *Office hunting.*—The Governor elect of Pennsylvania, *Wolf*, is already completely beset and likely to be hunted down by office hunters, from different parts of the state. The Lehigh Herald states that there are now at Easton, the place of Mr. Wolf's residence, seventeen candidates from Lehigh—sixty from Chester—and two hundred and thirty seven from Philadelphia.—*A great dividend.*—Most newspaper readers remember the Eagle Bank, whose winding up was so rapid. The Superior Court, sitting at New Haven, last week ordered a dividend of 12½ cents on the dollar, to be paid to the general creditors on 20th of December next.—*Marks of a Horse.*—

One white foot, buy him;
Two white feet, try him;
Three white feet, deny him;
Four white feet, and a white nose,
Take off his hide, and give him to the crows.

—Many of the newspapers are now engaged in the important discussion whether Don Miguel is the King of Portugal, or whether he is but a desperate fellow—a sort of a Bluebeard—a Nero—a Rhinoceros, or an Elephant. In the absence of all interesting topics of discussion, this may engage a few loose moments.—*Bank breaking.*—Scarcely a month passes without a bank breaking in some part of the country. Sometimes this game is varied by two or three tumbling to ruins at the same period.—*Human Mortality.*—It is generally supposed that this earth is inhabited by one thousand million of men, or thereabouts, and that thirty-three years make a generation, and therefore that in thirty-three years there die one thousand millions. Thus the number of those who die on earth, amounts to—

Each year thirty millions;
Each day, eighty-two thousand;
Each hour, three thousand, four hundred;
Each minute, sixty;
Each second, one.

This calculation must necessarily strike us; if the mortality be so great every year and every hour, is it not probable that he who reflects on it may himself soon be one of those to swell the list of the dead. It is at least certain that it should lead us to think seriously and often on this subject. Now, at this moment one of our fellow-creatures is going out of the world, and before another hour is past, more than three thousand souls will have entered into an eternal state.—A southern paper, speaking of a late election, says Dr. — beat his fourth opponent, and tied his third.

"But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain."

Miss Honeybuss, a sweet and forsaken maiden of 45 years, or thereabouts, of Bedford county, Va., lately recovered \$500 of John Saunders, for breach of promise of marriage.—*Holding back.*—The printer of an Eastern paper says, that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well. Exactly so: and if you attempt to whip them into it, they kick up, and run away, doing great damage to the character of the driver!

A COMMON CASE.—The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the Hero, had nothing in his exterior manners that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying his auditors. Nature, who had lavished on him the extraordinary gifts of genius, had forgotten, or rather disdained to blend with them, her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

ENIGMAS.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Read backwards and forwards the same,
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart.
And to beauty lays principal claim.

Answer of a Lady to a Gentleman, who made Proposals of Marriage to her.

One thing, kind sir, of you I crave,
Which you yourself can never have,
Nor ever had in time that's past,
Nor ever can while time doth last;
Yet, if you love me, as you say,
Pray give it me—I'm sure you may.

HUMOROUS.

TOM SHERIDAN.

Tom Sheridan, (who to kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition, added social talents, which, if not of the high and commanding order of his father's, were infinitely more agreeable to those who knew him,) used to tell a story *for* and *against* himself, which we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at poor Lord Craven's, at Bedham, (or rather at Hampstead,) and one day proceeded on a shooting expedition, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad, the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, till he unconsciously entered the domains of a neighboring squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appears, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

"Halloo! you sir," said the squire, when within half earshot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know where here is, sir? These, sir, are my manors;—what do you think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want your jokes, sir," said the squire, "I hate 'em. Who are you—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little—"Oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that—I—"

"No," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire, "you do not know what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place, I should like to know what you should say on such an occasion?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you will come up to my house and take some refreshment?"

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and, [as the newspapers say] "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed, having delighted the host, and more than half won the affections of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his way homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farm yard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, and in the centre of the green was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and part partlets, picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which

stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke, to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him, and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond, and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly he goes up to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly.

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Of what, zur," said the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and hav'nt had a shot—now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something what then shall I give you to let me have a single shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill."

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish! fairish!" said Tom.

"And to have all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom; "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well, hand it over," said the man.

The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other; and such a quacking and splashing, and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted with his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, till he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more than seven shillings, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, "I think they be—but what do I care for that? they are none of *them* mine."

"Here," said Tom, "I was once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in, seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

FORTUNE-TELLING IN FRANCE.

A woman of the name of Bellison has made a tour through the villages in the neighborhood of Versailles, for the purpose of discovering and duping those who are most sick, the most credulous, and the most in love. The family of Chernelle, living in the village of Montenon, was the first in which she essayed her art. She learnt that the wife of Chernelle was very ill, and that her husband and her mother were inclined to make any sacrifices to restore her to health. She went to her house and requested to speak with her. "I can cure you," said she:—"a spell has been cast upon you. I will discover who it is that has cast it upon you—but I must first know the cause." She then proceeded as our wise women in England were said to proceed formerly in similar cases; and having obtained a bottle, carried it away, but not empty, for the purpose of examination. Before she went, she demanded of the sick woman five five-franc pieces, nine sous for the purpose of making a nine day's devotion, nine francs to get nine days' devotion per-

formed, an ell of calico, a small pot of holy water, and some salt. Having got all this, she went away and did not return for some days. The condition of the sick woman did not improve in the mean time. The fortune teller, in consequence, demanded of her dupe fresh objects of value, and obtained a new chemise, a new counterpane, a silver watch, and a silver thimble, and on her third visit she declared that her charm was on the point of working, but that she wanted a hundred francs in four hours, because in five hours she could not for six hundred francs prevent the woman from dying. At this demand the eyes of the sick woman's mother began to open, and she refused to borrow the sum demanded, for she had no more than a single five franc piece in her possession. The fortune-teller then approached the dying woman, and by the idea of her approaching death prevailed upon her to get up and borrow 100 francs of her neighbors. The unhappy woman got out of bed in consequence, and staggering to her neighbors, obtained 100 fr. by begging 10 francs from one acquaintance, 15 from another, and so on, as if she had been begging for her life. She gave the money so obtained to the woman Bellison, as also her last five franc piece. She then returned to bed, from which she has not yet risen. The family of Chernelle never set eyes again upon their plunderer, till they saw her in the custody of the police.

A pretty girl, of the name of Celestine Lacorne, was also the dupe of her artifices. She said with great naivete that a young German, whom she adored, had returned to his own country, from which it was not likely that he would soon come back to France. "The prisoner," said she, "promised to restore him to my eyes, but declared she must have money to do it. I had no money, but I gave her first a shawl, and then a ring, with which she was to touch the holy sacrament, in order that it might hereafter serve me as a wedding ring." The young damsel saw nothing more of her shawl and ring. Her mother was also anxious for the return of this young man, and had conjured the fortune-teller to bring him back quickly, because he had forgotten to pay her a sum he owed her.

A handsome soldier, a serjeant in the first regiment of Swiss guards lost a good round sum of money. He believed it to have been stolen from him, and he wished to discover the thief. Bellison, this clever consoler of the afflicted, obtains an interview with him. She offers to discover him the thief. She only wants five pieces of silver, and in three days she promises to make the thief appear in the glass of the room where they are sitting. The serjeant has no money, but he goes to a friend to borrow some. "You are a fool," says his friend, "the woman is laughing at you." The serjeant persists in his requests, and five pieces of silver of different value are placed in the hands of the enchantress, who returns on the day appointed: But the serjeant has gone out with his battalion, and has given full power to another serjeant along with his former friend, to witness the appearance of the thief, whose name and address they are requested to take. In the presence of these new faces the prisoner owned the charm would not work. The pieces of silver must be of the largest dimensions, and must all be equal. She must therefore have five five-franc pieces. The friend of our Swiss serjeant would not agree to this sacrifice, but his brother serjeant demands it, and the money is placed in her hands. Nothing more is heard of the fortune-teller.

For these three frauds the prisoner was apprehended—and this was her defence:

"I used no compulsion to the individuals who placed their money or their goods in my hands. I had heard that masses could cure sick persons, and bring back success; and I knew that masses, if they do no good, at least do no harm."

"But," said the President, "you have not caused masses to be said. 'That is true,' replied the woman, 'I was going to say them when I was apprehended. The fault of their not being said rests with the officers of Justice.' Laughter.

The Court sentenced her to imprisonment for five years.

LADY FANSHAW'S MOTHER.—Her funeral cost my father above a thousand pounds, and Dr. Howlsworth preached her funeral sermon, in which, upon his own knowledge, he told before many hundreds of people this anecdote following—That my mother being sick to death of a fever three months after I was born, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance she was dead, and so she lay about two days and a night, but Dr. Winston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly in her face, said, "She looked so handsome I cannot think she is dead," and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this he caused her to be laid upon the bed again and to be rubbed, and used other means, that she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen standing by her, my Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, "did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again?" which words they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness, wherein she then was. But some hours after she desired my father and Dr. Howlsworth might be left alone with her; to whom she said, "I will acquaint you that during the time of my trance, I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble to me on my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down with my face in the dust—and they asked me why I was troubled in so great happiness. I replied, 'Oh, let me have the same grant given, as to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman;' to which they answered, 'It is done,' and then at that instant I awoke from my trance;" and Dr. Howlsworth did there from the pulpit affirm, that that very day she died, made just fifteen years from that time. She was a woman of singular piety and charity.

Humanity is one of the most beautiful parts of the divine system of Christianity, which teaches us not only to do good to mankind, but to love each other as brethren; and this all depends on the sensibility of our hearts—the greatest blessing bestowed by Providence on man, and without which, with the most refined and polished understanding, he would be no better than a savage.—C. J. For.

A cogent Reason.—Sir William Curtis being once asked why he so strenuously opposed the proposition of annual parliaments, replied, "Why, to tell you the truth, from my youth up I could never bear to think of short commons!"

Miscalculation of the relative value of things, is one of the greatest errors of our moral life.—Hannah More.

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EDWARDS SHOWING HIS WOUND TO JUDGE TRIMMER.

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